A Better Connection

## THE AIR LINE

An Aeroplane Romance Of Chinatown and Canada

## By EDWIN BLISS

The Intruder. HAT'S she," proudly cried Prof. Eglinton Abt. with an expensive eweep of his hand toward the giant aeropiane glis-

A gentle sephyr crept in through the window at the rear of the aerose, and, tangling in the giant, creamy planes, set them drumming in R, ever-recurring vibrations. The red leather of the two seats alongside mbre black engine and squat machinery, contrasted oddly with the theen of the aluminum base, the glistening rail of the runway on the man-made bird rested, and the soft, beautifully grained wood the rudder and propeller stretching behind like the tail of a proud pea-The monstrous planes caught up the moonbeams and reflected them the gittering parts till it fairly dassied the eye to look upon the Come

nd Washburn, the wealthy Aero Club enthusiast, known a dy" to intimates, regarded the aeroplane with ever-increasing interest ng made easier; and, with the advent of Eglinton Abt the week before res interested enough to study out the Comet carefully.

"Yes, sir," continued the aeroplanist, rejoicing in the intelligent scruting ruest bestowed upon the precious bird, "there's the Comet. Fifteen I spent dreaming and figuring on it and the problem; then I knew I was getting along far enough to experiment. Ten years more down in the

picion had impelled him to investi-gate. Then he had wired Abt for de-

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CHAPTER I.

ning in the moonlight, that strayed asiant through the open door of the long, low-lying shed. "That's the little Comet, and every nut and bolt in her belongs to me."

ned balloonist himself, he realized that the way was constantly

mountains of Carolina living like a hermit with myself and a growing idea that makes twenty-five years in all, and, by George, I wouldn't trade a single day of them all for a year of your life up here. No, sir, not a blessed

wingle day of them all for a year of your life up here. No, sir, not a bleased day.

"Why, man," he continued, his voice rising to a ludicrously high pitch, his heady little eyes staring dreamily out the doorway as though seeing something of surpassing importance in the star-sprinkled night, "you New Yorkers are dying of dry rot—dry sot, sir. Things that look big to you aren't even a decent gamble. You when you leave this world you can't take anything away with you, But I—I've got the little Comethere, and wherever there's a patent on her now, that patent, in the future, will aid the conquest of the air, and will bear the name of Abt—Egilnton Abt. That's what I'll take understround with me."

He paused with a visible show of embarrassment, as his eyes lost the dreamy stare and met those of his guest.

"Fardon me," he murmured blushingly. "You see, I've lived alone so ing timble in his avers when a little content of the ingly. "You see, I've lived alone so ing timble in his avers when a little content of the know-ingly. "You see, I've lived alone so ing timble in his avers when a little content of the little content of the machine. Vaguely he realized that all his unfortunate experiences with Abt were due to one and the same reason—the reason for the little man's late failures, and the reason for the know-ingly. "You see, I've lived alone so ing timble in his avers when a little content of the more in the content of the little co

dreamy stare and met those of all were due to one and the same reason guest.

"Pardon me," he murmured blush—the reason for the little man's late failures, and the reason for the knowingly. "You see, I've lived alone so ing twinkle in his eyes when accused of subterfuge.

"You like her?" Abt suddenly questioned in a sharp, querulous tone that toned in a sharp, querulous tone that ing absently. Matters of etiquette did this seroplane—the one that, in the this seroplane—the one that, in the last month, had amazed the ertire last month, had amazed the ertire civilized world, and which New York the other's gaze.

"Certainly it's unsual—the swing—Egilic ling platform is odd; the maniplanes in the content of th Newhort, amiled his understand.

Washburn despoils as he that, in the field, and which New York and amusement as they mentally a fine the propertual to the state of the series of the

ing closer and poking his great head darted to one side, as a white

at Rheims, his eyes ached for a sight of the little Comet. At first she had see the machine for yourself. I like a stopped and, turning, walked up to that sort of spirit. I think a fellow that believes in himself that much ought to be able to do something.

Then came a series of failures, failough the sectential sense told him were premeditated to a great extent. The Comet met with accidents, her warping apparatus falled many times, she could not rise from the ground with a second man aboard. All this before the secret of her construction as it differed from other planes had been investigated theroughly.

Only the week before, in the Govarnment triais, she had done wonderfully well at the beginning of the first day, easily outsripping all comfilted. The avastor's face was dreamy and the fell like a fool as he led his uncertainty to be one of spirit. I think a fellow has a stopped and, turning, walked up to him a stopped and, turning, walked up to him. Through the blackness of the night when a stopped and, turning, walked up to him. Through the blackness of the night when a stopped and, turning, the him.

Through the blackness of the night when.

Through the blackness of the night when



class magazine by a writer above suspicion had impelled him to investigate. Then he had wired Abt for desails, but had received no answer despite the fact that the message had been received, as he learned from the telegraph offices. After wearing off his natural pique at this slight had swallowed his ire, made the trip, and hoofed it with great discomfort from the nearest railway station to the little aviator's cabin. There he had been rebuffed by mechanics, and after forcing his way to Abt himself, was hitterly reviled for an interioping meddler.

Despite himself, this but whetted his anxiety and cagerness to learn the more, and when Abt had taken a fellow who could stick to a thing the machine to the other side of the machine to the other side of the machine to the shade all rivals at Rheims, his eyes ached for a sight of the machine to the great state receiving you back. Then you hack. Then you had unparalleled flights, breaking the machine for yourself. I like made unparalleled flights, breaking the fact one side, as a white cloud floated lazily over the face of the aman obtained lazily over the face of the aman obtained hard to see the machine for yourself. I like made unparalleled flights, breaking the face close to the aman obtained hard to see the machine for yourself. I like made unparalleled flights, breaking the face of spirit. I think a fellow whith the greatest season for the side of the machine to the other side of the pond and put in the shade all rivals and the face. The pour machine to the other side of the pond and put in the shade all rivals are the fixed you because your earlies and bound and retrieved to the figure to the figure to th

The Man of Wu.

N very few words Washburn impressed upon the redheaded little chauffeur the little inventor.

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